Fal. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtning to, thoſe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,

Poynes. Downe fell his hoſe.

Fal. Began to giue me ground. but I followed me cloſe, came in foote and hand, & with a thought, ſeuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleuen buckrom men growne out of two?

Fal. But as the diuel would haue it, three miſ-begottē knaues, in *Kendall* greene, came at my backe and let driue at me, for it was ſo darke, *Hal*, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.

Prin. Theſe lyes are like the father that begets them, groſſe as a moũtaine, opē palpable. Why thou clay-braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horſon obſcene greaſie tallow catch.

Fal. What? art thou mad? art thou mad; is not the truth the truth?

Prin. Why, how couldſt thou know theſe men in *Kendall* greene, when it was ſo darke thou couldſt not ſee thy hand? come tell vs your reaſon, What ſaiſt thou to this?

Poy. Come, your reaſon Iacke, your reaſon.

Fal. What, vpon compulſion? Zoundes, and I were at the ſtrappado, or al the racks in the world, I would not tel you on compulſion. Giue you a reaſon on compulſiō? if reaſons were as plenty as blackeberries, I would giue no man a reaſon vpon compulſion, I.

Prin. Ile be no longer guiltie of this ſinne. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hil of fleſh.

Fal. Zbleud you ſtarueling, you elfskin, you dried neats tong, buls-pizzel, you ſtockefiſh: O for breath to vtter! what is like thee? you taylers yard, you ſheath, you bowcaſe, you vile ſtanding tucke.

Prin. Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, & when thou haſt tried thy ſelfe in baſe compariſōs, heare me ſpeak but thus

Poy. Marke, *Iacke*.

Prin. We two, ſaw you foure, ſet on foure & bound them, & were maiſters of their welth: marke now how a plaine tale ſhall put you downe: then did wee two ſet on you foure, and with a word,

word, outfac'd you from your prize, & haue it, yea, & c
it you here in the houſe: and *Falſtaffe*, you carried your
way as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, & roared for m
ſtill run & roare, as euer I heard Bul-calfe. What a ſlaue
to hack thy ſword as thou haſt done, & then ſay it was
What tricke? what deuice? what ſtarting hole canſt th
find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant ſham

Poin. Come lets heare *Iacke*, what tricke haſt thou no

Falſ. By the Lord, I knew yee as well as hee that ma
Why heare you my maiſters, was it for mee, to kill th
apparant? Should I turne vpon the true Prince? Wh
knoweſt I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware inſtinct
on will not touch the true Prince, inſtinct is a great ma
was a Coward on inſtinct, I ſhall thinke the better of m
and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou fo
Prince: but, by the Lord, Lads, I am glad you haue the M
Hoſteſſe, clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to mo
Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of gold, all the titles of go
lowſhip come to you. What, ſhall we be merry? ſhall w
a Play extempore?

Prin. Content, and the argument ſhall be, thy running

Falſ. A, no more of that *Hal*, & thou loueſt me. *Enter H*

Hoſt. O Ieſu, my Lord the *Prince*!

Prin. How now my Lady the *Hoſteſſe*, what ſaiſt thou

Hoſ. Marry, my L. there is a Noble man of the court, at
would ſpeake with you: he ſayes, he comes from your f

Prin. Giue him as much as will make him a Royall m
ſend him backe againe to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hoſ. An old man.

Fal. What doth grauitie out of his Bed at midnight? S
giue him his anſwere?

Prin. Prethee doe *Iacke*.

Falſ. Fayth, and Ile ſend him packing. *Exi*

Prin. Now ſirs: birlady you fought faire, ſo did you *P*
did you *Bardol*, you are Lions too, you ran away vpon in
you will not touch the true Prince, no fie.

Bar. Fayth, I ran when I ſaw others runne.